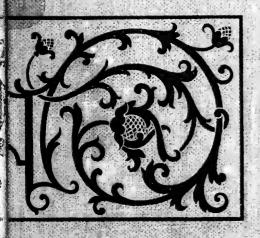


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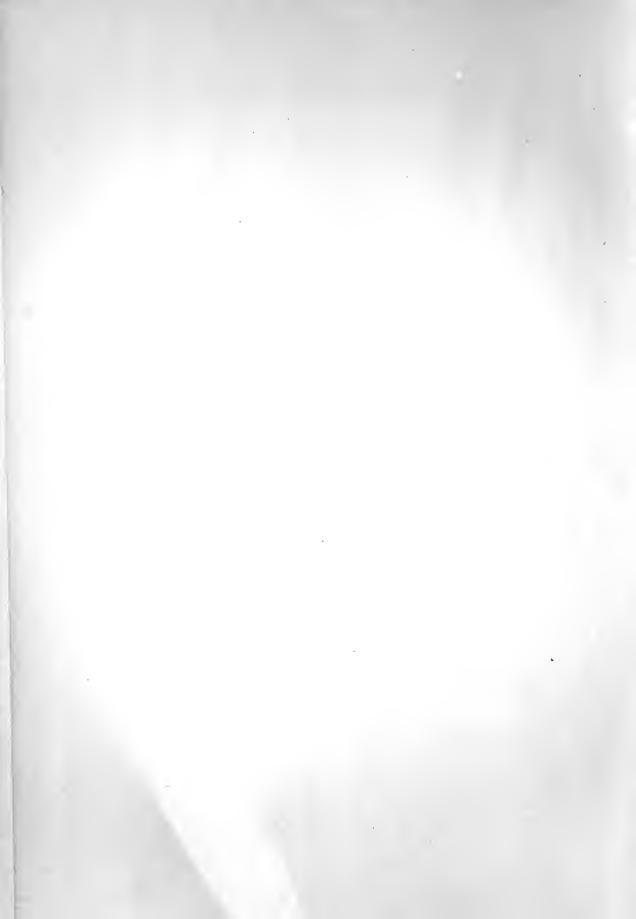
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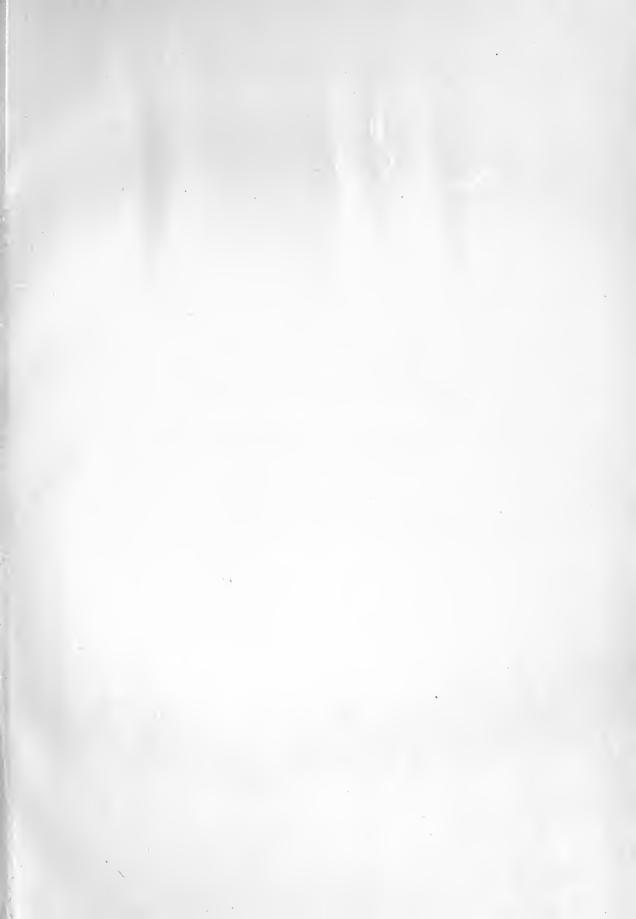
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1888







HYMNS AND TUNES

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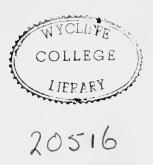
ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH

NEW YORK

Music Composed and Adapted

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN



NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1888

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By the Rev. Dr. MORGAN

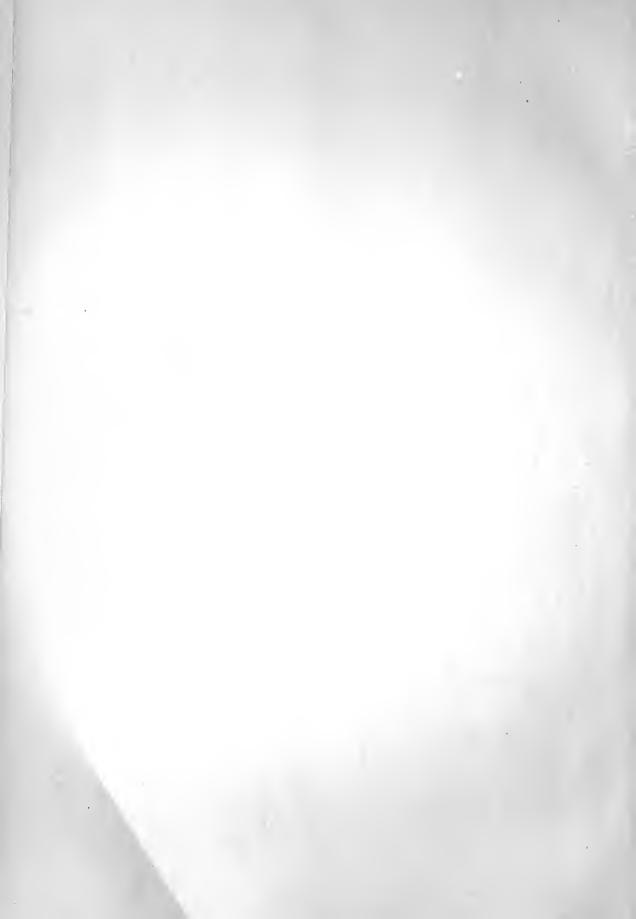
RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

The accompanying volume is given to the press, not to gratify a desire for authorship or with any view to personal advantage, but in answer to a loving appreciation which has long sought in this form what had been so valued and helpful in the worship of the Church.

The author has been tardy in yielding to this importunate desire, chiefly for the reason that the instant and ever-recurring duties of his vocation have denied him the leisure required, and it has only been by the appropriation of time due to repose that his work is at length accomplished. It need scarcely be said that its welcome is assured, or that it will become at once a cherished possession, not only to members of the parish, but to thousands from every part of the country who, in attending the services of St. Thomas's Church, whether at morning or evening prayer, have shared in the quickening power of its music.

WILLIAM F. MORGAN.

St. Thomas's Rectory, N. Y., April, 1888.



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Hosanna to the living Lord!





Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

III.

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

IV.

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast, Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest; And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy Thee. Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

v.

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
BISHOP HEBER (1783-1826).

O come, Emmanuel!



O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

III.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine advent here; Disperse the gloomy cloud of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!

IV.

O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home; Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!

v.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might! Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height, In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

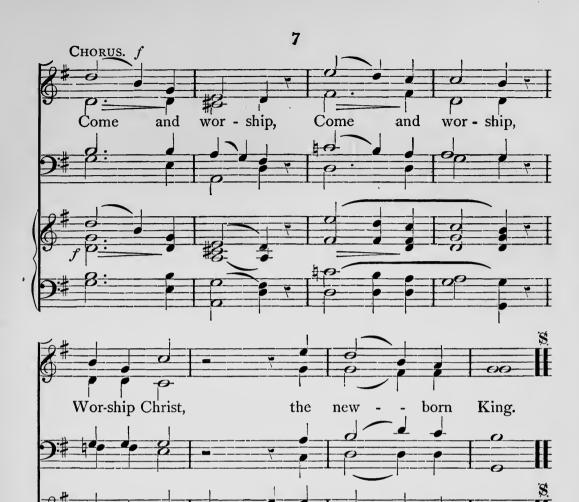
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

12th Century. Tr. REV. DR. J. M. NEALE (1818-1866).

Angels, from the realms of glory.

CHRISTMAS HYMN (IN CAROL FORM).





II.
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

III.
Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

IV.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

In Excelsis Gloria!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



* From "Harpers' Young People," for Dec. 18, 1883.





The herdsmen saw those Angels bright, To them appearing with great light, Who said, "God's Son is born this night." In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

III.

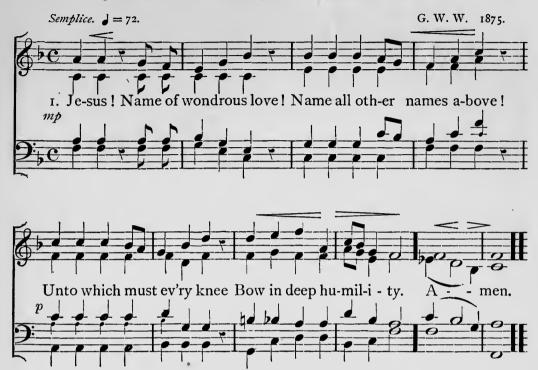
This King is come to save mankind, In Scripture promised as we find, Therefore this song have we in mind In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

IV.

Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace In Heaven, the bliss to see Thy face, Where we may sing to Thy solace In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

TRADITIONAL.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!



II.

Jesus! Name decreed of old: To the maiden mother told, Kneeling in her lowly cell, By the angel Gabriel.

III.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth To the fallen sons of earth, For the promise that it gave— "Jesus shall His people save." IV.

Jesus! Name of mercy mild, Given to the holy Child, When the cup of human woe First He tasted here below.

v.

Jesus! only Name that's given Under all the mighty heaven, Whereby man, to sin enslaved, Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

VI.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love! Human Name of God above; Pleading only this we flee, Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D., L.L.D. 1854.

Rise, crowned with light!



See a long race thy spacious courts adorn, See future sons, and daughters yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

III.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend: See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings, While every land its joyous tribute brings.

IV.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; But fix'd His word, His saving power remains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688 1744).

Brightest and Best!





* Decani and Cantoris.



Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

III.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

IV.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

v.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER (1783-1826.)

Alleluia! Song of gladness.

Alleluia! Song of sweetness.





* Decani and Cantoris. II.

Alleluia! Church victorious, Thou may'st lift the joyful strain: Alleluia! songs of triumph Well befit the ransomed train. ||:Faint and feeble are our praises While in exile we remain.:

III.

Alleluia! songs of gladness Suit not always souls forlorn, Alleluia! sounds of sadness 'Midst our joyful strains are borne; ||: For in this dark world of sorrow We with tears our sins must mourn.:

IV.

Praises with our prayers uniting, Hear us, Blessed Trinity; Bring us to Thy blissful presence, There the Paschal Lamb to see, ||:Then to Thee our Alleluia Singing everlastingly.:||

Í.

Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

II.

Alleluia thou resoundest,

True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters

Mourning exiles now are we.

III.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

IV.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, Blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky:
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

13th Century. Tr. REV. DR. J. M. NEALE (1818-1866).

то

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Townsend of Brooklyn.

The Litany Hymn.



^{*} For two voices, excepting in last verse, which should be tutti in double thirds, with strong accompaniment.



ÍI.

By Thy birth and early years, By Thy human griefs and fears, By Thy fasting and distress In the lonely wilderness, By Thy victory in the hour Of the subtle tempter's power; Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn litany.

III.

By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

IV.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

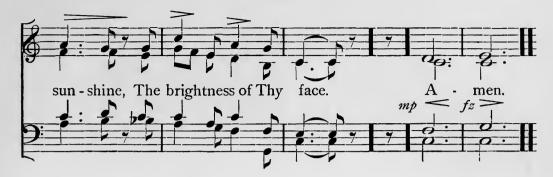
SIR ROBERT GRANT (1785-1838).

TO

Miss B. L. H.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!





My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

How sad on Thee they fall!
See through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee,

III.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

IV.

Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. (1811-).

Weary of Earth.



So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

III.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way, Evil is ever with me, day by day; Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

IV.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, His are the hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for all atone, And set me faultless there before the throne.

v.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild, And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child, And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

VI.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord: Thine all the merits, mine the great reward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown; Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

REV. S. J. STONE.

Ride on! in Majesty!



Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

III.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

IV.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

v.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

DEAN MILMAN (1791-1868).

Who is this that comes from Edom?



'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,'
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

III.

Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

IV.

Mighty Victor, reign forever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

REV. THOMAS KELLY (1769-1855).

There is a green hill far away.



We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear, But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

III.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

v

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Asleep in Jesus.







Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

, III.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.

IV.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

v.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wakes to weep.

MARGARET MACKAY. 1832.

The strife is o'er.



II.

The powers of Death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed: Let shout of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia!

III.

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

IV.

He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

V.

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee, From Death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee, Alleluia!

REV. FRANCIS POTT, M.A. 1861.

On the Resurrection morning!



For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn,
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

III.

Here awhile they must be parted, And the flesh its Sabbath keep, Waiting in a holy stillness, Wrapt in sleep.

IV.

But the soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song!

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide;
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

VI.

O the beauty! O the gladness Of that Resurrection day! Which shall not, thro' endless ages, Pass away!

VII

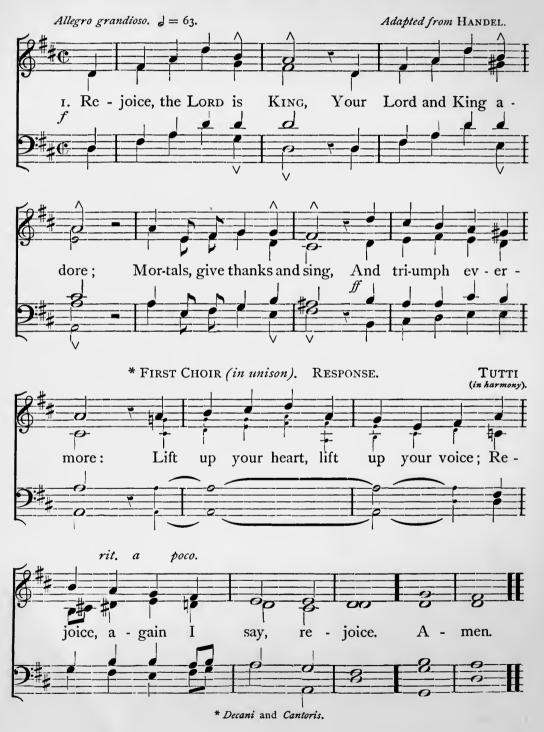
On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child and mother
Meet once more.

VIII.

To that brightest of all meetings,
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last,
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, D.D.

Rejoice, the Lord is King!



Jesus the Saviour reigns,

The God of truth and love:

When He had purged our stains,

He took His seat above:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

III.

His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

IV.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788).

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.



Love is kind, and suffers long, Love is meek, and thinks no wrong, Love than death itself more strong; Therefore, give us Love.

III.

Prophecy will fade away, Melting in the light of day; Love will ever with us stay; Therefore, give us Love. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;

Therefore, give us Love.

37

Faith and Hope and Love we see Joining hand in hand agree; But the greatest of the three, And the best, is Love.

VI.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH (1807-1885).

то

The Misses Patteson.

Thrice Holy!





Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

III.

Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

IV.

Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

V.

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH (1807-1885).

то

Mr. and Mrs. DANIEL T. HOAG.

Another six days' work is done.





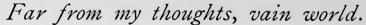


This peaceful calm within the breast, Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest; Which for the Church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains. In holy duties let the day, In holy pleasures pass away;

II.

How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, D.D. (1727-1795).





My heart grows warm with holy fire, When I can say that God is mine, And kindles with a pure desire To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, I'll tread the world beneath my feet, And feel Thine influence from above. And all that men call rich and great.

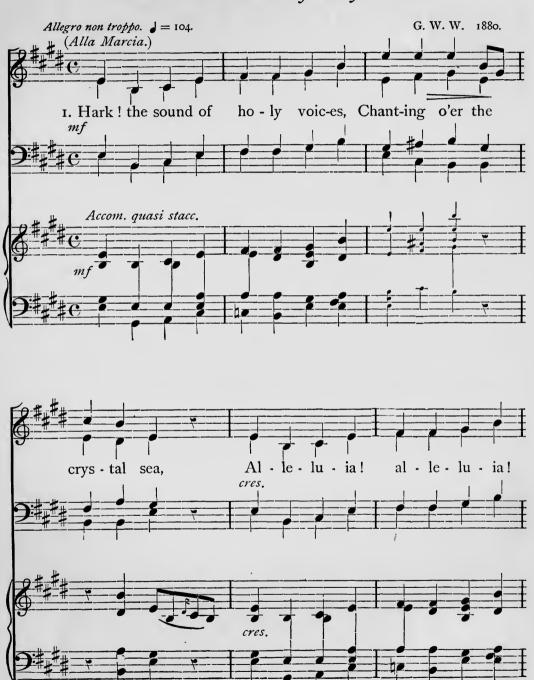
When I can see Thy glories shine,

IV.

Send comfort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this barren land; And in Thy temple let me know The joys that from Thy presence flow.

REV. DR. ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

Hark! the sound of holy voices.







Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

III.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

IV.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

V.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH (1807-1885).

To R. H. W.

Bread of the world.



Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

BISHOP HEBER (1783-1826.)

Jesus, I my cross have taken.









Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O'tis not in grief to harm me,

II.

While Thy love is left to me;
O'twere not in joy to charm me,

Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

TTT

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

IV

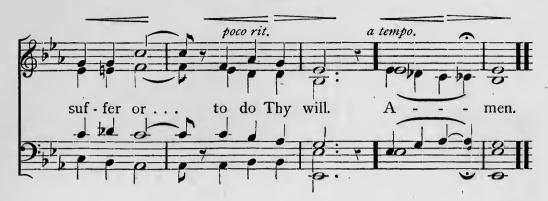
Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M.A. (1793-1847).

Hospital Sunday Hymn.*



^{*} By permission of the "Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association," of New York City.



If in this world of mystery,
Unequal favors fall on me,
While brothers, better far than I,
Are called to languish or to die,
Help me in turn their ills to share,
Their wounds to heal, their load to bear.

III.

Blest is their task, 'mid human woe Thy gifts on others who bestow; For suffering lies at plenty's door, And God appeals when cries the poor. His law ordains, for all that live, What sorrow lacks let mercy give.

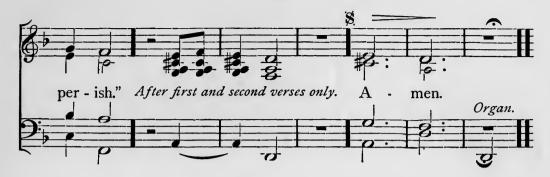
IV.

The day shall come when veils remove, And all shall see that God is Love. Then He himself all tears shall dry, And show of pain the reason why, And theirs shall be the great reward Who in His poor beheld their Lord.

RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., LL.D.

When through the torn sail.*





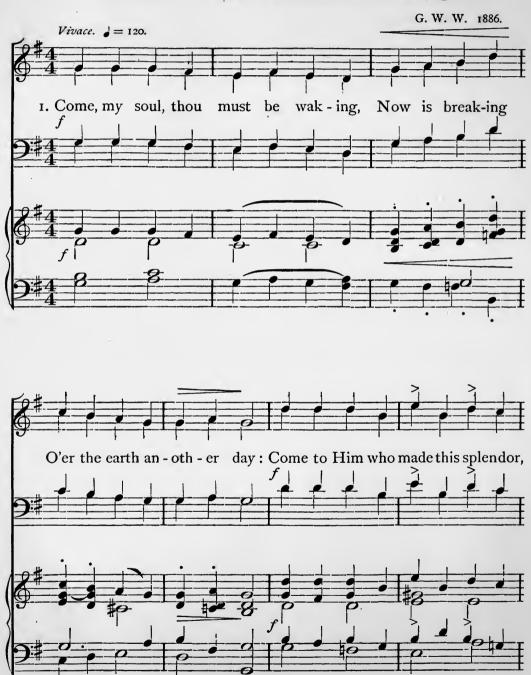
O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

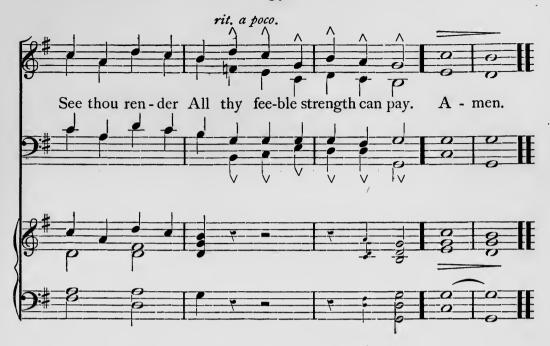
III.

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging Then send down Thy Spirit Thy ransom'd to cherish, Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

BISHOP HEBER (1783-1826).

Come, my soul, thou must be waking.





Gladly hail the sun returning:

Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers:

For the night is safely ended;

God hath tended

With His care thy helpless hours.

III.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

IV.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

v.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

VI.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

VII.

Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.
BARON VON CANITZ (1654-1699.)

Sweet Saviour.



The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

III.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

IV.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

v.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

IV.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

REV. DR. F. W. FABER (1815-1863).

то

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Softly now the light of day.





Soon for me the light of day Shall forever pass away; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thing eternal throng

Then, from Thine eternal throne,

Jesus, look with pitying eye.

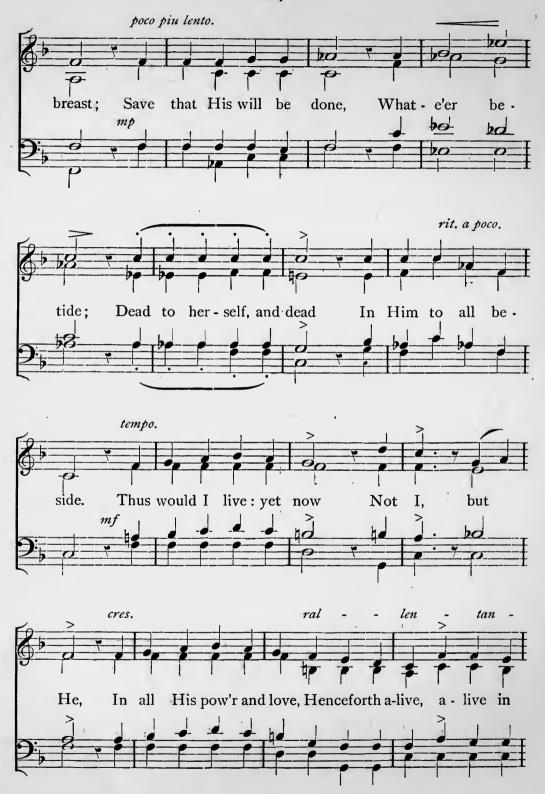
Rt. Rev. George W. Doane, D.D., LL.D. (1799-1859).

^{*} After each verse.

The sun is sinking fast.













Latin. Tr. EDWARD CASWELL (1814 ----).





Just as I am,—and | waiting not
To rid my soul of | one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

III.

Just as I am,—though | toss'd about With many a conflict, | many a doubt, Fightings and fears with-| in, without, O Lamb of God, I come.

IV.

Just as I am,—poor, | wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing | of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in | Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

v.

Just as I am,—Thou | wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise | I believe, O Lamb of God, I come.

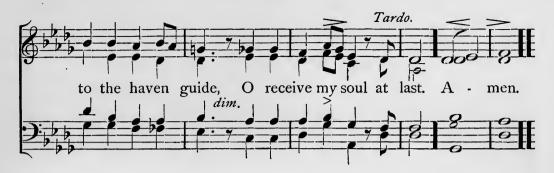
VI.

Just as I am,—Thy | love unknown Has broken every | barrier down; Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT, 1866,

Fesus, lover of my soul.





Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

III.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788).

то

Miss Susan B. Schenck.



II.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

III.

I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

IV.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

v.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink, In that tremendous latest strife, Thou wilt not suffer me to sink: Thou art my Life.

VI.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

REV. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D.D., about 1856.

The Mercy-seat.





There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

REV. (CANON) HUGH STOWELL (1799-1865).

O for a closer walk with God.



Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,

And drove Thee from my breast.

III.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

IV.

So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.



Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

III.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele (1716-1778).

TO THE

Rev. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

In the hour of trial.



With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

III.

Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me On my path below; Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.

IV.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again:
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

IN MEMORIAM-Mrs. W. F. M.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee.



II.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find, A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Saviour of mankind.

^{*} Tenore, sing small notes if preferred.

III.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

IV.

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

v.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

St. Bernard, A.D. 1120. Tr. Rev E. Caswall, 1848.

My God, I love Thee!







II.

† But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me Upon the cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails and spear, And manifold disgrace,

^{*} Basso, sing small notes, if preferred.

† Connect 2d & 3d, also 4th & 5th verses (tempo giusto).

III.

And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony, E'en death itself; and all for me Who was Thine enemy.

IV.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love Thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell;

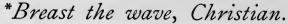
v.

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

VI.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because Thou art my God, And my eternal King.

S. Francis Xavier (1506-1552). Tr. Rev. E. Caswall, 1849.





^{*} By permission of the Rev. J. IRELAND TUCKER, D.D., Editor of "Tunes Old and New," adapted to the Hymnal.



There is a blessed home.



There is a land of | peace,
Good angels know it | well;
Glad songs that never | cease
Within its portals | swell;
Around its glorious | throne
Ten thousand saints | adore
Christ, with the Father | One,
And Spirit, evermore.

III.

O joy all joys be-| yond,

To see the Lamb Who | died,
And count each sacred | wound
In hands and feet and | side;
To give to Him the | praise
Of every triumph | won,
And sing through endless | days
The great things He hath done.

IV.

Look up, ye saints of | God,
Nor fear to tread be-| low,
The path your Saviour | trod
Of daily toil and | woe;
Wait but a little | while
In uncomplaining | love,
His own most gracious | smile
Shall welcome you above.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER (1821-1887).

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.



Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

III.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717-1791).

Lead us, heavenly Father.



Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

III.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON (1791-1867).

* Nearer, my God, to Thee!



Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

III.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

IV.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

V.

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS (1805-1849).

Mrs. GEO. MACCULLOCH MILLER.

O render thanks.





Who can His mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

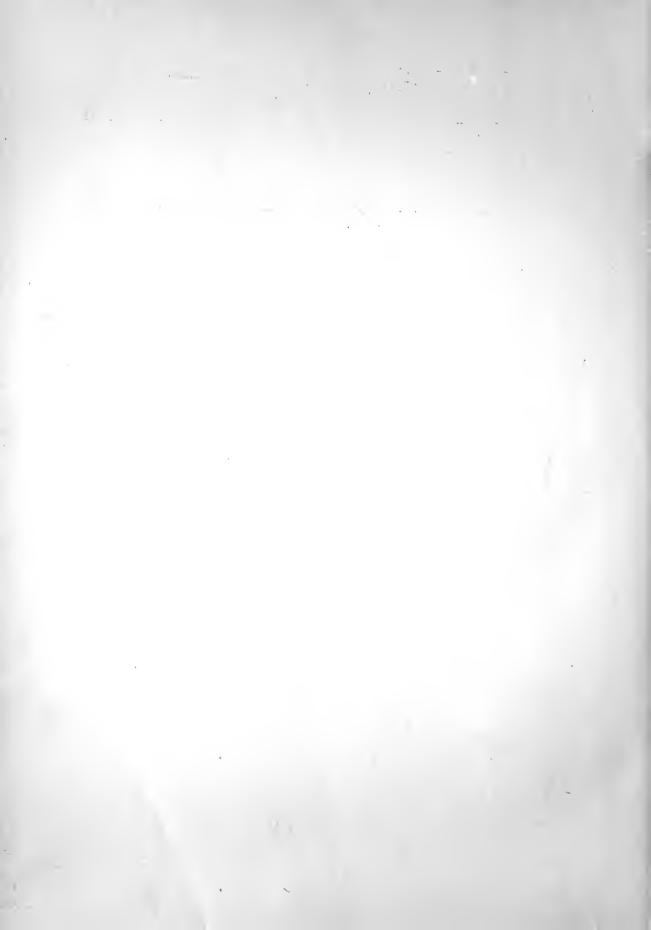
III.

Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to Thy chosen dost afford; When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy salvation visit me.

VI.

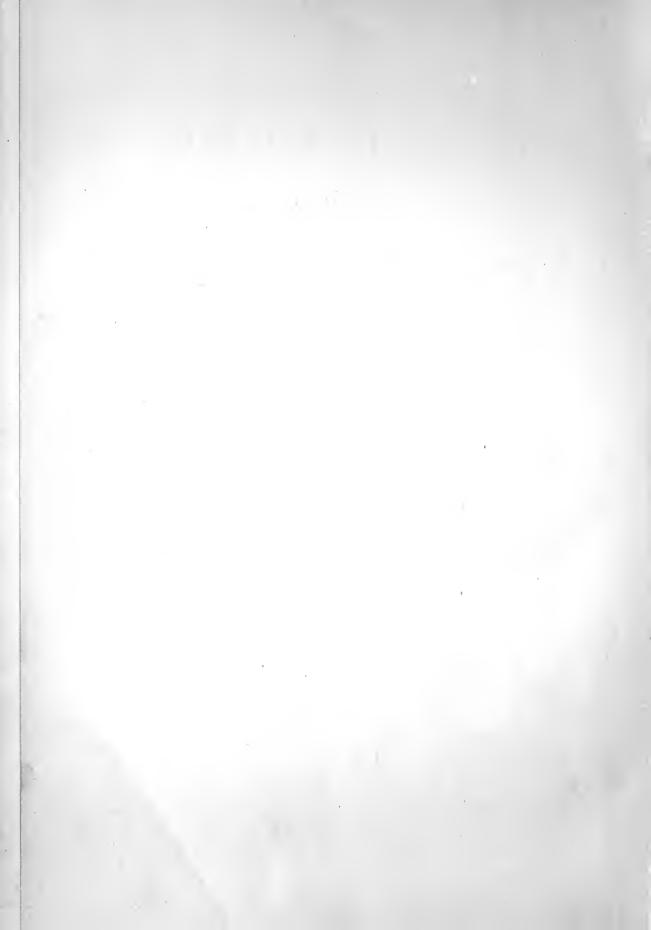
Let Israel's God be ever bless'd, His name eternally confess'd; Let all His saints, with full accord, Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord!

Metricas Psalm.



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Te Deum, and Jubilate Deo in D, No. 3 (for voices in unison).

Te Deum and Benedictus in E flat.

Te Deum and Benedictus in C.

Benedictus in G.

Gloria in Excelsis in C.

Bonum est and Benedic Anima mea in D.

Anthems.

Christians, awake! It came upon the midnight clear. For Christmas. Now is Christ risen!

Ye choirs of New Jerusalem. For Easter.

Now on the first day. (1888.)

The Singing of Birds.—Easter Cantata.

Fill the Font with Roses.—2d Easter Cantata.

Hymns, in Anthem form.

Hark! the herald angels sing.

Angels from the realms of glory.

Messiah is King!

Hark! what mean those holy voices.

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Ye faithful souls.

Crown Him, Everlasting King! > For Easter. (also for Ascension).

The Magdalene.

For Christmas.

Hymns, in Anthem form (Continued).

Come Holy Spirit. (1852.)

New Edition with Latin and English words. For Whitsun Day.

He's come! let every knee be bent.

Love divine.

Lord, with glowing heart.

Save, Lord, or we perish.

The Lord, my pasture.

As pants the hart.

Rock of Ages. (1849.)

Christmas Carols.

Carol, Christians.

Venite Adoremus Dominum.

Sing we Merry Christmas.

Star of Bethlehem.

Jacob's Ladder.

O angels bright.

The cold wind sweeps the branches bare.

Angels holy, high and lowly.

See! Amid the winter's snow.

God is born of maiden fair.

The Snow.
The Magi.
Stars of glory.
The children's King.
I sing the birth
There came a little child.
The Christmas Chimes.
The Heavenly messenger.
Waken, Christian children.

Midnight to morning.

Easter Carols.

The World itself keeps Easter Day. Ye Sons and Daughters of the King. Let the Song be begun.

Let the merry Church-bells ring.

Ring out, sweet Easter bells.

Christ is risen again.

The buds are bursting on the trees.

On wings of living light.

Bright Easter skies.

Days grow longer. Then and now.

Cold blows the wind.

A song of Sweetness.

Christ is risen.

Spring Song.

Loud sing your praises.

Roman Soldier.

Birds are singing. Easter Joys.

Shine, O Sun!

Miscellaneous.

The Christ Child (Solo).—Christmas Lullaby.

The Man of Sorrows (for Soprano).

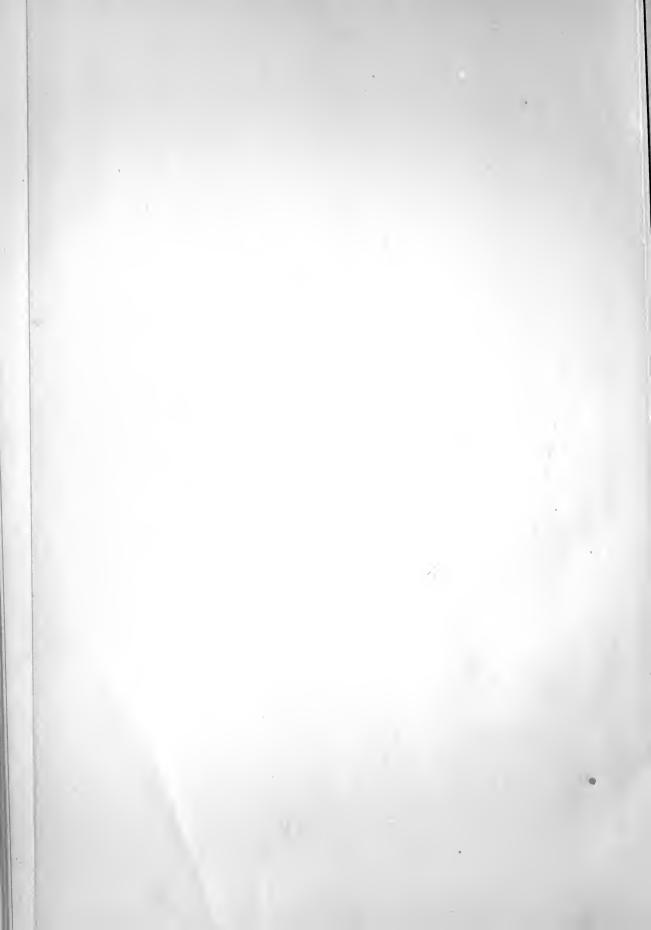
Every Flower that blossoms.—Easter Song.

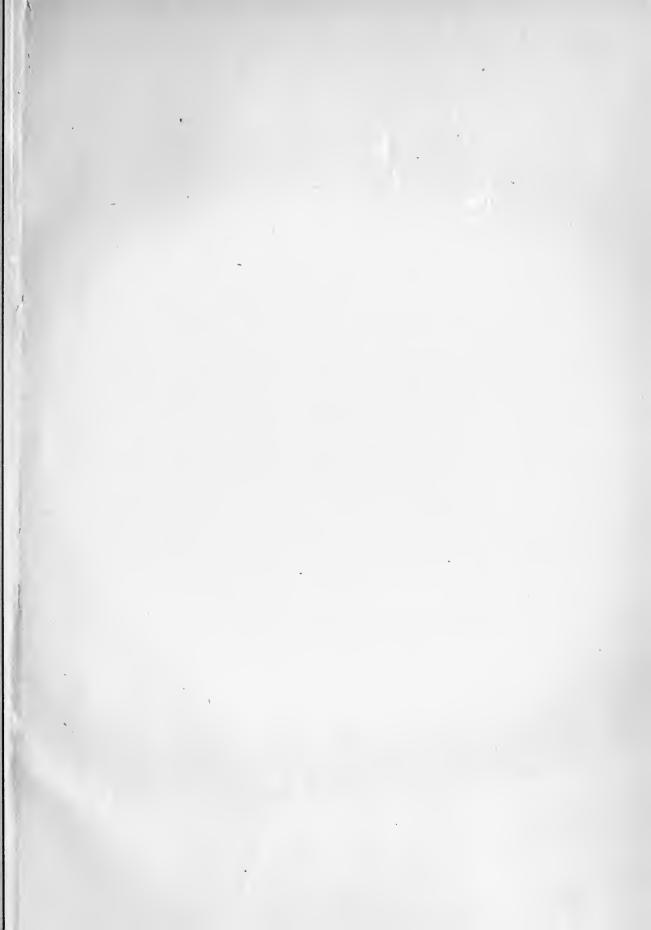
Sweet Charity.—Offertory for two voices.

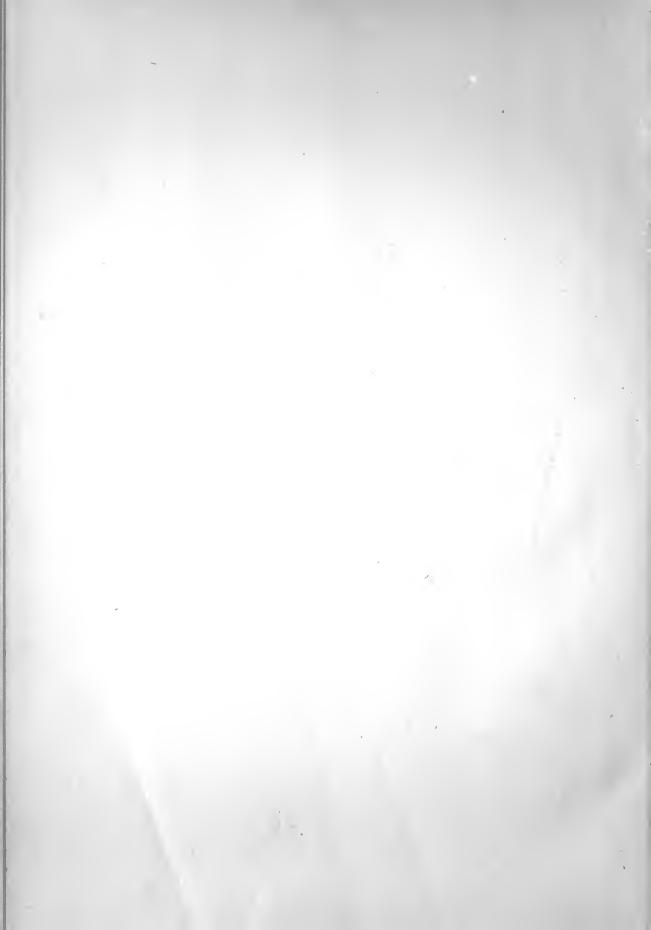
Let Thine hand help me.—For Contralto and Chorus.

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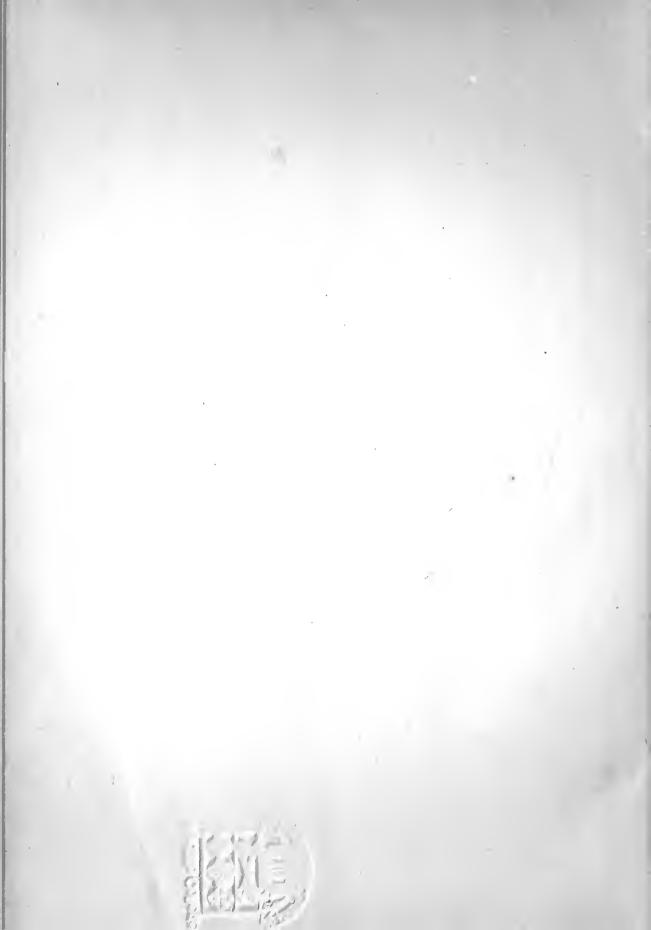
















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